

THE MAN WHO SOLD HIMSELF

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

John Paul was only 14 years of age when he decided to become a writer. While at school he discovered that he was not only a good writer, but also a good editor. He was...

I have told this story all wrong, if the reader has not learned that whatever John Paul did he did to excess. He was always biting off bigger hunks of life than he could chew. He spent too much...

wrote to say that publishing the story had been a mistake—that shouldn't happen again. John Paul was hurt and angry, but steadfast in his resolution to be honest with himself and with his art. It was impossible for him to understand why his readers should abuse him...

TO MAKE a start he took his pride by the hair and told his own story to an old and cynical friend, who was also passing rich. And this one, representing all his wisdom and speaking the kindest words, without any sting in them anywhere, proceeded to lend John Paul \$10,000, upon the security of John Paul's abandoned farm, and all but abandoned house.

They moved, bag, baggage and babies, into the new house and, thanks to the \$10,000 (which had to be paid back some day), John Paul declared a long rest for his jangling nerves and brain. But it was hard to rest.

The venerable village builder, unusually prosperous, and quite recovered from his serious illness (he would have thanked you for occasionally to be seen passing in a new buggy drawn by a handsome horse. And John Paul wished very much to rush out and murder him).

But in spite of his rages, John Paul recovered, gradually, tone and spirit; and in suffer from cacothese scribbled and to cast longing looks at paper and ink-wells. And when at last he began once more to write it with a heart full of new matter.

"I tell you," he said, "I haven't played the game. But I'm going to. All the stuff I've ever written is false, and I mean it when I write it. The public is beginning to stand for the truth; here he named over many recent stories, novels and specials. "And I'm going to tell the truth, too. I'm sick of suppressing real things and human things, because it has been the fashion to suppress them, so that bread and butter misses may not be corrupted. It is literature for children as it is for grownups. I've lived and I've learned, and whatever I know to be true I'm going to write about."

And he began, as he had threatened, to write what he described as "real stories." The forced awesomeness, optimism and gaiety of the tales which had supported him for so many years vanished from his manner and his matter. He felt, or so he said, as if he had just managed to crawl out of a vat of molasses. For the deliberate, cloying adroitness to those early tales he substituted a too fervent sincerity. He had longed to speak the truth that he now spoke it with a kind of defiant ferocity.

DOES A DOG HAVE A SOUL?

If not, can you explain the life struggle of this wolf-dog between the instinct of the wild and his sense of duty toward man?

READ "KAZAN" by James Oliver Carwood. A gripping story of animal life and the rugged northwest. Begin it with the first instalment in tomorrow's EVENING LEDGER.

presently, and tossed them into the fire. But he was not discouraged; he had not expected to do what he had always longed to do, the very first time he tried it. There remained still a balance of some weeks set aside for "rest," and he made the most of it.

"The main thing," he explained to Mrs. Paul, "is that I've reformed. I'll be hitting things right presently, and then nobody will be able to say that I'm writing things that I can't believe, just to get money. Do you know," he went on, "that for years and years I've been writing tales, for no better reason than because I knew I could sell them? That's kind of ugly—ain't it? When you come to think it over, I'm what they call a paper-pusher."

"You needn't say it," Mrs. Paul hastily interposed. "Well, anyway," said he, "I've reformed. I've been taken off the streets by charitable people and given a chance to earn an honest living."

So saying, and having lately completed a true tale to his liking, and sold it to a magazine, which had also grown disgusted with polite lying, he rejoiced exceedingly, and sported with his babies, and slept the sleep of the just.

The story in question was true enough and had a certain piquancy, but it wasn't very pretty, and since prettiness was what the admirers of John Paul had expected to see in his commercial work, the inevitable happened—letters. By every mail they came to him, abusing him and reviling him. Even the editor

ONE RESEMBLANCE

Visitor—Don't you think he resembles his father? Mother—Yes. He keeps me up late every night.

SATISFIED

Doctor to colored lady who has given him a quarter for attending her husband, who died—No, no, Mrs. Schipio, I won't charge you for that last visit. Mrs. Schipio—You take it, doctor, sah, you deserve it; you done your work very well.

NATURALLY

"A fellow doesn't have to be rich to enjoy life." "No, he doesn't have to be, but the chances are that he prefers to be."

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD-NIGHT TALKS. One afternoon a little girl's mother started to go out, and when her little daughter asked her how long she would be gone, she said: "I will be back in a minute."

And the little girl said, "Mamma, how long is a minute?" Of course, we know that a minute is one-sixtieth part of an hour and that an hour is one-twenty-fourth of a day and that there are seven days in a week, fifty-two weeks in a year and also that there are twelve months in a year, but this does not help us any when we try to find out how long a minute is. This brings us to the story of TIME.

How long is a minute? We may say it is that unit which we conveniently use to designate part of our life-time. Did you ever try to catch a minute? Or did you ever stop to think of NOW? The instant you try to think of NOW it is gone and another minute, another hour, another day, another week and another year has gone.

The wonderful thing to remember about a clock is that it has twelve hours and that those twelve hours are marked with Roman numerals and that you can make all of those numerals with one hand, crossing your first two fingers to make an "X" and leaving the third and fourth finger for the one and two, making XII.

When you have time take your watch or clock and see the second-hand spin around for a minute and then try to find out how long it is. We hope when you do this you will see how useless it is to try to hurry.

You have all the time there is, FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY. SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name Address Age School I attend.

Wanta and Kawasha (Continued.) Wanta stood horrified—the cave was filled with smoke. "Kawasha," she screamed, "we'll burn to death."

"Little sister," he cried bravely, "run like lightning through that flame. Leave me here." "I won't, I won't," she rushed to her brother's side and tried to pull him to his feet. He only sank back with a moan of pain.

"Run, Wanta," he begged, "run for aid." Wanta looked wildly about, the flames were rapidly spreading. Summoning all her courage, she shot through the leaping flames and almost at one bound gained the outside of the cave.

Like a frightened deer, she ran this way and that, looking desperately for help, but she saw none. Suddenly her eyes spied an old bucket. Quickly she snatched it and ran to the water's edge.

In the centre of the river was a small island and right at that moment a canoe came into view from its far shore! Wanta waved wildly and screamed at the top of her voice. The canoe shot over the waves. Wanta's heart stood still! It was a white man that she had summoned to her aid!

Our Postoffice Box

Welcome, little Mary and William Duncan, Sherwood road, Overbrook, to the Rainbow Club! You are the first pair of twins to appear in our picture gallery and we are all very glad to see you. Please write to us very often and tell us just how it feels to be twins.



MARY AND WILLIAM DUNCAN

Ronald Roche, Germantown avenue, writes to know whether or not his little sister might belong to the club. He says: "She will be 4 years old in February. I think it would be best to teach her your beautiful little motto while she is growing. Her name is Nelly." That is a very lovely thought, Ronald, and we are more than pleased to have little sister join the Rainbows.

Madeline Capozzi, South 8th street, wrote us a very nice letter and we would like to receive another one from her real soon. Ross Frasch signs herself "Yours in friendship." Isn't it nice to think of all the new friends we are making through the club?

Do You Know This?

1. What is the matter with this sentence: "James don't know his lesson?" (Five credits.) 2. A grocer received the following order: "Please send me a pound of 19-21-7-1-18." What did he send? (Five credits.) 3. Name a poet who wrote about the snow. (Five credits.)

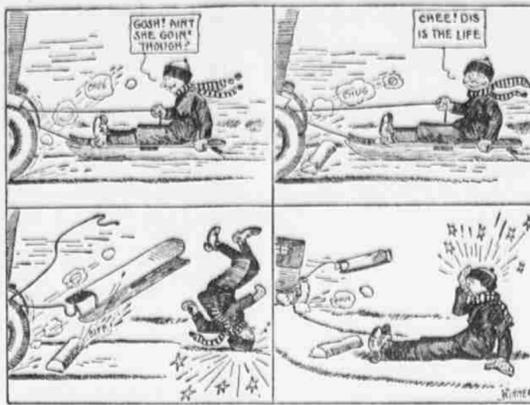
The names of those who joined Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club this week will be published in Saturday's EVENING LEDGER.

The cave was empty!

(Continued Thursday, January 6.)

SCRAPPLE

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



One Resemblance

Alas, Too True



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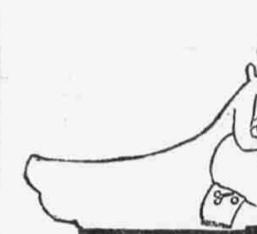
Satisfied



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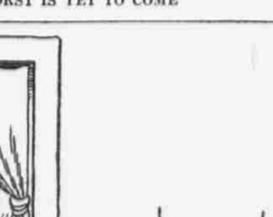
War Economies

The Height of Dumbness



"Why don't you open the window, grandfather, and let some of the smoke out?" "Not likely! Look what I've got to pay an ounce for it now."

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



That Ended It



He—What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things about and kick just because the coffee is cold? She—Well, I'd make it hot for you, darling.

THE PADDED CELL



PREPAREDNESS. SKATING PROMISES TO DISPLACE DANCING.



S. O. S.

A Desperate Case



"I heard you was in the hospital. Wuz you very bad?" "Bad? I should think I was bad! Why, a pal o' mine brought me a bottle o' wine an' I couldn't so much as look at it!"

MORE WORK FOR THE NAVY



The boy on the rails—J. Jellicoe! If you're goin' down again, you might 'ave a look for my knife, will yer? It's got two blades an' a brown 'andle.

Sea Sick



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